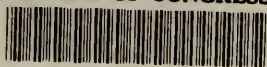


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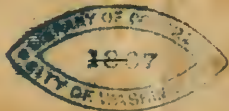
DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CITIZENS OF WORCESTER

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1833.

BY EDWARD EVERETT, 1794-1865.



BOSTON:

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

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WORCESTER, JULY 4th, 1833.

HON. E. EVERETT,

Dear Sir,—We are directed by the Committee of Arrangements to request that you will favor them with a copy of your Address, delivered this day, for the purpose of having it published.

It would be useless for us, to express how much we have been gratified this day. The profound attention, with which the crowded audience listened, must prove to you, more than words of ours could do, the deep interest, which was felt in your address.

We conclude by offering you, in behalf of your fellow-citizens of this town, their sincere thanks for the honor you have done them,—and remain

Yours, respectfully,

(Signed) F. W. PAINE,
LEVI A. DOWLEY,
JUBAL HARRINGTON, } *Sub-Committee.*
WILLIAM LINCOLN, }

CHARLESTOWN, MASS. 14th JULY, 1833.

GENTLEMEN,

I duly received your favor of the 4th instant, requesting a copy of my Address, delivered at Worcester on that day, for the purpose of having it published.

Allow me to thank you for the obliging terms, in which you speak of it. I have endeavored to comply with your request, with as little delay as possible. Seasonably as your kind invitation was given me, last spring, a series of engagements compelled me to postpone my preparation, till a few days previous to the fourth. From the brief notes then thrown together, I have written off my address substantially as spoken;—as nearly so, as is possible under the circumstances of the case. I have taken the liberty to add a few ideas, belonging to the plan which I had sketched out, but omitted for the sake of brevity.

I am, Gentlemen, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) EDWARD EVERETT.

Messrs.

F. W. PAINE,
LEVI A. DOWLEY,
JUBAL HARRINGTON, } *Sub-Committee.*
WILLIAM LINCOLN, }

A D D R E S S .

FELLOW-CITIZENS,

I HAVE accepted, with great cheerfulness, the invitation, with which you have honored me, to address you on this occasion. The citizens of Worcester did not wait to receive a second call, before they hastened to the relief of the citizens of Middlesex, in the times that tried men's souls. I should feel myself degenerate and unworthy, could I hesitate to come, and, in my humble measure, assist you in commemorating those exploits, which your fathers so promptly and so nobly aided our fathers in achieving.

Apprised by your committee, that the invitation, which has brought me hither, was given on behalf of the citizens of Worcester, without distinction of party,—I can truly say, that it is, also, in this respect, most congenial to my feelings. I have several times had occasion to address my fellow-citizens on the fourth of July; and sometimes at periods, when the party excitement,—now so happily, in a great measure, allayed,—has been at its height; and when custom and public sentiment would have borne me out, in seizing the opportunity of inculcating the political

views of those, on whose behalf I spoke. But of no such opportunity have I ever availed myself. I have never failed, as far as it was in my power, to lead the minds of those, whom I have had the honor to address, to those common topics of grateful recollection, which unite the patriotic feelings of every American. It has not been my fault, if ever, on this auspicious national anniversary, a single individual has forgotten, that he was a brother of one great family, while he has recollected, that he was a member of a party.

In fact, fellow-citizens, I deem it one of the happiest effects of the celebration of this anniversary, that, when undertaken in the spirit, which has animated you on this occasion, it has a natural tendency to soften the harshness of party, which I cannot but regard, as the great bane of our prosperity. It was pronounced, by the Father of his Country, in his valedictory counsels to the People of the United States, “the worst enemy of popular governments;” and the experience of almost every administration, from his own down, has confirmed the truth of the remark. The spirit of party unquestionably has its source in some of the native passions of the heart; and free governments naturally furnish more of its aliment, than those, under which the liberty of speech and of the press is restrained by the strong arm of power. But so naturally does party run into extremes,—so unjust, cruel, and remorseless is it, in its excess,—so ruthless in the war, which it wages against private character,—so unscrupulous, in the choice of means for the attainment of selfish ends,—so sure is it, eventually, to dig the grave of those free institutions,

of which it pretends to be the necessary accompaniment,—so inevitably does it end in military despotism and unmitigated tyranny, that I do not know how the voice and influence of a good man could, with more propriety, be exerted, than in the effort to assuage its violence.

We must be strengthened in this conclusion, when we consider, that party controversy is constantly showing itself as unreasonable and absurd, as it is unamiable and pernicious. If we needed illustrations of the truth of this remark, we should not be obliged to go far to find them. In the unexpected turns that continually occur in affairs, events arise, which put to shame the selfish adherence of resolute champions to their party names. No election of Chief Magistrate has ever been more strenuously contested, than that which agitated the country the last year; and I do not know, that party spirit, in our time at least, has ever run higher, or the party press been more virulent, on both sides. And what has followed? The election was scarcely decided; the President, thus chosen, had not entered upon the second term of his office, before the state of things was so entirely changed, as to produce, in reference to the most important question, which has engaged the attention of the country since the adoption of the Constitution, a concert of opinion among those, who, two months before, had stood in hostile array against each other. The measures, adopted by the President for the preservation of the Union, met with the most cordial support, in Congress and out of it, from those who had most strenuously opposed his election; and he, in his

turn, depended upon that support, not only as auxiliary, but as indispensable, to his administration, in this great crisis. And what do we now behold? The President of the United States, traversing New-England, under demonstrations of public respect, as cordial and as united, as he would receive in Pennsylvania or Tennessee; and the great head of his opponents in this part of the country, the illustrious champion of the Constitution in the Senate of the United States, welcomed, with equal cordiality and equal unanimity, by men of all names and parties, in the distant West.

And what is the cause of this wonderful and auspicious change;—auspicious, however transitory its duration may unfortunately prove? That cause is to be sought in a principle so vital, that it is almost worth the peril, to which the country's best interests have been exposed, to see its existence and power made manifest and demonstrated. This principle is, that the union of the states,—which has been in danger,—must, at all hazards, be preserved; that union, which, in the same parting language of Washington, which I have already cited, “is the main pillar in the edifice of our real independence, the support of our tranquillity at home, our peace abroad, our safety, our prosperity; of that very liberty which we so highly prize.” Men have forgotten their little feuds, in the perils of the Constitution. The afflicted voice of the country, in its hour of danger, has charmed down, with a sweet persuasion, the angry passions of the day; and men have felt that they had no heart, to ask themselves the question, Whether their party

were triumphant or prostrate? when the infinitely more momentous question was pressing upon them, Whether the Union was to be preserved or destroyed?

In speaking, however, of the preservation of the Union, as the great and prevailing principle in our political system, I would not have it understood, that I suppose this portion of the country to be more interested in it, than any other. The intimation, which is sometimes made, and the belief, which, in some quarters, is avowed, that the Northern States have a peculiar and a selfish interest, in the preservation of the Union;—that they derive advantages from it, at the uncompensated expense of other portions;—I take to be one of the grossest delusions ever propagated by men, deceived themselves, or willing to deceive others. I know, indeed, that the dissolution of the Union would be the source of incalculable injury to every part of it; as it would, in great likelihood, lead to border and civil war, and eventually to military despotism. But not to us would the bitter chalice be first presented. This portion of the Union,—erroneously supposed to have a peculiar interest in its preservation,—would be sure to suffer, no doubt, but it would also be among the last to suffer, from that deplorable event; while that portion, which is constantly shaking over us the menace of separation, would be swept with the besom of destruction, from that moment an offended Providence should permit that purpose to reach its ill-starred maturity.

Far distant be all these inauspicious calculations. It is the natural tendency of celebrating the Fourth of July, to strengthen the sentiment of attachment to

the Union. It carries us back to other days of yet greater peril to our beloved country, when a still stronger bond of feeling and action united the hearts of her children. It recalls to us the sacrifices of those, who deserted all the walks of private industry and abandoned the prospects of opening life, to engage in the service of their country. It reminds us of the fortitude of those, who took upon themselves the perilous responsibility of leading the public counsels, in the paths of revolution; in the sure alternative of that success, which was all but desperate, and that scaffold already menaced as their predestined fate, if they failed. It calls up, as it were, from the beds of glory and peace where they lie,—from the heights of Charlestown to the southern plains,—the vast and venerable congregation of those, who bled in the sacred cause. They gather in saddened majesty around us, and adjure us, by their returning agonies and reopening wounds, not to permit our feuds and dissensions to destroy the value of that birthright, which they purchased with their precious lives.

There seems to me a peculiar interest attached to the present anniversary celebration. It is just a half century, since the close of the revolutionary war. It is the jubilee of the restoration of peace, between the United States and Great-Britain. It has been sometimes objected to these anniversary celebrations, and to the natural tendency of the train of remark, in the addresses which they call forth, that they tend to keep up a hostile feeling toward the country from which we are descended, and with which we are at peace. Without denying that this celebration may,

like all other human things, have been abused in injudicious hands, for such a purpose, I cannot, nevertheless, admit, that, either as philanthropists or citizens of the world, we are required to renounce any of the sources of an honest national pride. A revolution like ours is a most momentous event in human affairs. History does not furnish its parallel. Characters like those of our fathers,—services, sacrifices, and sufferings like theirs, form a sacred legacy, transmitted to our veneration, to be cherished, to be preserved unimpaired, and to be handed down to after ages. Could we consent, on any occasion, to deprive them of their just meed of praise, we should prove ourselves degenerate children; and we should be guilty, as a People, of a sort of public and collective self-denial, unheard of among nations, whose annals contain any thing, of which their citizens have reason to be proud. Our brethren in Great-Britain teach us no such lesson. In the zeal, with which they nourish the boast of a brave ancestry by the proud recollections of their history, they have,—so to speak,—consecrated their gallant and accomplished neighbors, the French,—(from whom they, also, are originally, in part, descended,)—as a sort of natural enemy, an object of hereditary hostile feeling, in peace and in war. That it could be thought ungenerous or unchristian to commemorate the exploits of the Wellingtons, the Nelsons, or the Marlboroughs, I believe is an idea, that never entered into the head of an English statesman or patriot.

But, at the same time, I admit it to be not so much the duty, as the privilege, of an American citizen, to

> acquit this obligation to the memory of his fathers, with discretion and generosity. It is true, that the greatest incident of our history,—that which lies at the foundation of our most important and most cherished national traditions,—is the revolutionary war. But it is not the less true, that there are many ties, which ought to bind our feelings to the land of our fathers. It is characteristic of a magnanimous people to do justice to the merits of every other nation; especially of a nation with whom we have been at variance and are now in amity; and most especially of a nation of common blood. Where are the graves of our fathers? In England. The school of the free principles, in which, as the last great lesson, the doctrine of our independence was learned, where did it subsist? In the hereditary love of liberty of the Anglo-Saxon race. The great names, which,—before America began to exist for civilization and humanity,—immortalized the language which we speak, and made our mother-tongue a heart-stirring dialect, which a man is proud to take on his lips, whithersoever, on the face of the earth, he may wander, are English. If it be, in the language of Cowper,

praise enough

To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language is his mother-tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own,

let it not be beneath the pride nor beyond the gratitude of an American to remember, that Wolfe fell on the soil of this country, with some of the best and bravest of New-England by his side; and that it was among the last of the thrilling exclamations, with

which Chatham shook the House of Lords :—“ Were I an American, as I am an Englishman, I never would lay down my arms ; never, never, never !”

There were, indeed, great and glorious achievements in America, before the revolution, in which the colonies and the mother country were intimately and honorably associated. There lived brave men before the Agamemnon of seventy-six ; and, thanks to the recording pen of history, their names are not and never shall be forgotten. Nothing but the noon-tide splendor of the revolutionary period could have sufficed to cast into comparative forgetfulness, the heroes and the achievements of the Old French War, and of that which preceded it, in 1744. If we wished an effective admonition of the unreasonableness of permitting the events of the revolution, to engender a feeling of permanent hostility in our minds, toward the land of our fathers, we might find it in the fact, that the war of independence was preceded, by only twenty years, by that mighty conflict of the Seven Years’ war, in which the best blood of England and the colonies was shed beneath their united banners, displayed on the American soil, and in a cause, which all the colonies, and especially those of New-England, had greatly at heart. And this observation suggests the topic, to which I beg leave to call your attention, for the residue of the hour.

It will not be expected of me, on this happy occasion,—which seems more appropriately to be devoted to the effusion of kind and patriotic feeling, than to labored discussion,—to engage in a regular essay ;—particularly as other urgent engagements have left

me but a very brief period of preparation, for my appearance before you. I shall aim only, out of the vast storehouse of the revolutionary theme, to select one or two topics, less frequently treated than some others, but not inappropriate to the day. Among these, I think we may safely place *the civil and military education, which the country had received, in the earlier fortunes of the colonies*; the great *præparatio libertatis*, which had fitted out our fathers, to reap the harvest of independence on bloody fields, and to secure and establish it, by those wise institutions, in which the only safe enjoyment of freedom resides.

This subject, in its full extent, would be greatly too comprehensive for the present occasion, and the circumstances under which I have the honor to address you. I shall confine myself chiefly to the Seven Years' war, as connected with the War of the Revolution;—a subject, which has not, perhaps, received all the attention which it merits. The influence on the revolutionary struggle of the long civil contest, which had been kept up with the Crown, and the effect of this contest in awakening the minds of men in the colonies, and forming them to the intelligent and skillful defence of their rights, have been often enough set forth. But the peculiar and extraordinary concurrence of facts, in the military history of the colonies; the manner in which the moving causes of the Revolution are interwoven with the great incidents of the previous wars; deserve a particular development. If I mistake not, they disclose a systematic connection of events, which, for harmony, inter-

est, and grandeur, will not readily be matched with a parallel, in the annals of nations.

When America was approached by the Europeans, it was in the occupancy of the Indian tribes; an unhappy race of beings, not able, as the event has proved, to stand before the advance of civilization;— feeble, on the whole, compared with the colonists, when armed with the weapons and arts of Europe; but yet capable of carrying on a most harassing and destructive warfare, for several generations; particularly after having learned the use of fire-arms, and provided themselves with steel tomahawks and scalping-knives, from the French and English colonists. Between the two latter, the continent was almost equally divided. From Nova Scotia to Florida, the English possessed the sea coast. From the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, the French had established themselves in the interior. The Indian tribes, who occupied the whole line of the frontier, and the intermediate space between the settlements, were alternately stimulated, by the two parties against each other; but more extensively and effectively, along the greater part of the line, by the French against the English, than by the English against the French. With every war in Europe, between England and France, the frontier was in flames, from the Savannah to the St. Croix; and down to so late a period did this state of things last, that I have noticed, within eighteen months, the death of an aged person, who was tomahawked by the Canadian savages, on their last incursion to the banks of the Connecticut river, as low down as Northampton. There were periods,

at which the expulsion of the English from the continent seemed inevitable;—and, at other times, the French empire in America appeared equally insecure. But it was plain, that no thought of independence could suggest itself, and no plan of throwing off the colonial yoke could prosper, while a hostile power of French and Canadian savages, exasperated by the injuries, inflicted and retaliated for a hundred years, was encamped along the frontier. On the contrary, the habit, so long kept up, of acting in concert with the mother country against their French and savage neighbors, was one of the strongest ties of interest, which bound the colonies to the crown.

At length, in the year 1754, the conflicting claims of the two crowns to the jurisdiction of various portions of the Indian territory, belonging, perhaps, by no very good title to either of them, led to the commencement of hostilities between the English and the French, in different parts of the colonies. Among the measures of strength which were adopted against the common foe, was the plan of a union of the colonies into a general confederation, not dissimilar to that which was actually formed in the revolutionary war. It is justly remarked by the historians, as a curious coincidence of dates and events, that, on the fourth of July, 1754, General Washington, then a colonel in the provincial service, under Virginia, should have been compelled to capitulate to the French, at Fort Necessity, and that Benjamin Franklin, as one of the commissioners assembled at Albany, should have put his name, on the same day, to the abortive plan of the confederation; and that, on the very same day,

twenty-two years afterwards, General Washington should be found at the head of the armies of Independent and United America, and Franklin in the Congress at Philadelphia, among the authors and signers of the Declaration.

It is obvious, that the necessary elements of a Union could not subsist in a state of dependence on a foreign government ; and the failure of the confederation of 1754 is another proof, that our Union is but the form, in which our Independence was organized. One in their origin, there is little doubt that they will continue so in their preservation. The most natural event of a secession of a small part of the Union from the other states, would be its re-colonization by Great-Britain. It was only the *United States* which were acknowledged to be independent by Great-Britain ; or declared to be independent by themselves.

Two years after the period last mentioned, namely, in 1756, the flames of the war spread from America to Europe, where it burst forth and raged to an extent and with a violence, scarcely surpassed by the mighty contests of Napoleon. The empress of Austria and Frederic the Great, France and Spain, not yet humbled, and united by the family compact, in the closest alliance, and above all England,—then comprehending within her dominions the Colonies, that now form the United States,—and at last roused and guided by the lordly genius and the lion heart of the Elder Pitt, plunged, with all their resources, into the conflict. There were various subsidiary objects at heart, with the different powers, but the great prize

of the contest, between England and France,¹ was the possession of America. That prize, by the fortune of war, or rather by that Providence, which, in this manner, was preparing the way for American Independence, was adjudged to the arms of England. The great work was accomplished,—the decisive blow was struck,—when Wolfe fell, in the arms of victory, on the heights of Abraham; furnishing, in his fate, no unapt similitude of the British empire in America, which that victory had seemed to consummate. As Wolfe died in the moment of triumph, so the power of the British on this continent, received its death blow in the event that destroyed its rival.

It is curious to remark, how instantly this effect began to develop itself. Up to this time, the utmost political energy of the colonies, in conjunction with that of the mother country, had been required to maintain a foothold on the continent. They were in constant apprehension of being swept away, by the united strength of the French and Indians. Their thoughts had never wandered beyond the frontier line, marked as it was, in its whole extent, with fire and blood. But the French power once expelled from the country, as it was, with a trifling exception at New-Orleans, and their long line of strong holds transferred to the British Government, the minds of men immediately moved forward, over the illimitable space, that seemed opening to them. A political miracle was wrought; the mountains sunk, the valleys rose, and the portals of the West were burst asunder. The native tribes of the forest still roamed the interior, but, in the imaginations of men, they de-

rived their chief terror from the alliance with the French. The idea did not immediately present itself to the minds of the Americans, that they might, in like manner, be armed and stimulated by the English against the colonies, whenever a movement toward independence should require such a check. Hutchinson remarks an altered tone, in the state papers of Massachusetts, from this period, which he ascribes less distinctly than he might, to the same cause. Governor Bernard, on occasion of the fall of Quebec, congratulates the General Court on "the blessings they derive from their *subjection* to Great-Britain;" and the Council, in their echo to the speech, acknowledge, that it is "to their *relation* to Great-Britain, that they owe their freedom;" and the same historian traces the rise of a vague idea of independency to the same period and the same influence upon the imaginations of men, of the removal of the barrier of the French power.

The subversion of this power required, or was thought to require, a new colonial system. Its principles were few and simple. An army was to be stationed, and a revenue raised, in America. The army was to enforce the collection of the revenue; the revenue was to pay the cost of the army; and by this army, stationed in the colonies and paid by them, the colonies were to be kept down and the French kept out. The policy was ingenious and plausible; it wanted but one thing for its successful operation; but that want was fatal. It needed to be put to practice among men, who would submit to it. It would have done exceedingly well, in the new Cana-

dian conquests ; but it was wholly out of place among the descendants of the pilgrims and the puritans. Up to this hour, although the legislative supremacy of England had not been contested in general terms, yet the government at home had never attempted to enact laws, simply for the collection of revenue. They had confined themselves to the indirect operation of the laws of trade, (which purported to be for the advantage of all parts of the empire, the colonies as well as the mother country,) and those not rigidly enforced. The reduction of the French possessions was the signal, not merely for the infusion of new vigor into the administration of the commercial system, but for the assertion of the naked right to tax America.

When a great event is to be brought about, in the order of Providence, the first thing, which arrests the attention of the student of its history in after times, is the appearance of the fitting instruments for its accomplishment. They come forward and take their places on the great stage of action. They know not themselves, for what they are raised up. But there they are. James Otis was then in the prime of manhood, about thirty-seven years of age. He was fully persuaded, that the measures adopted by the British government were unconstitutional, and he was armed with the genius, and learning, the wit, and eloquence ; the vehemence of temper, the loftiness of soul, the firmness of nerve, the purity of purpose, necessary to constitute a great popular leader in difficult times. The question was brought before a judicial tribunal, I must confess, in a small way,—on the petition of the

Custom House officers of Salem, for writs of assistance to enforce the acts of trade. Otis appeared, as the counsel of the commercial interest, to oppose the granting of these writs. Large fees were tendered him ; but his language was, " In such a cause, I despise all fees." His associate counsel, Mr. Thacher, preceded him in the argument of the cause, with moderation and suavity ; " but Otis," in the language of the elder President Adams, who heard him, " was a flame of fire. With a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eye into futurity," (that glorious futurity, which he lived not, alas, to enjoy,) " and a deep torrent of impetuous eloquence, he carried all before him. American Independence was then and there born. Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance. Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition, to the arbitrary claims of Great-Britain."*

It would be traveling over a beaten road, to pursue the narrative of the parliamentary contest, from this time to 1775. My object has merely been to point out the curious historical connection, between the consolidation and the downfall of the British empire in America, consequent upon the successful issue of the Seven Yéars' war. One consequence only may deserve to be specified, of a different character, but springing from the same source, and tending to the same end, and more decisive of the fate of the revo-

* Tudor's Life of Otis, page 61.

lution, than any other merely political circumstance. The event, which wrested her colonial possessions, on this continent, from France, gave to our fathers a friend in that power, which had hitherto been their most dreaded enemy, and prepared France,—by the gradual operation of public sentiment and the influence of reasons of State,—when the accepted time should arrive, to extend to them a helping hand, to aid them in establishing their independency. Next to a re-conquest of her own possessions, or rather vastly more efficacious toward humbling Great-Britain, than a re-conquest of the colonies of France, was the great policy of enabling the whole British empire in America, alike the recent acquisitions and the ancient colonies along the coast, (for, to this length the policy of France extended,) to throw off the English yoke. France played, in this respect, on a much grander scale, that game of state, which gave Mr. Canning so much *éclat*, a few years since, in reference to the affairs of Spain. Perceiving Spain to be in the occupation of the French army, Mr. Canning, with a policy it must be owned more effective as towards France, than friendly toward Spain, determined, as he said, to redress the balance of power in the Spanish colonies; and, in order to render the acquisition of Spain comparatively worthless to France, to use his own language, “he called into being a new world in the west.” Much more justly might the Count de Vergennes have boasted, that England, having wrested from France her American colonies, he had determined to redress the balance of power, in the quarter where it was disturbed; to shut

up the victorious arms of England within their comparatively unimportant new acquisitions,—to strike their ancient foothold from beneath their feet; and call into being a new world in the west. On the score of generosity, the French minister had the advantage, that his blow was one of retaliation, aimed at his enemy, while the British minister struck at a power with which he was at peace, through the sides of his ally.

But all this wonderful conjunction of political causes, does not sufficiently explain, in a practical way, the phenomenon of the revolution, nor furnish a satisfactory account of the promptitude, with which the feeble colonies made the decisive appeal to arms, against the colossal power of England,—the boldness with which they plunged into the revolutionary struggle,—and the success with which, through a thousand vicissitudes, they conducted it to a happy close. Fully to comprehend this, we must again cast our eyes on the war of 1744, and still more on that of 1756, as forming a great school of military conduct and discipline, in which the future leaders of the revolution were trained to the duties of the camp and the field. It was here, that they became familiarized to the idea of great military movements, and accustomed to the direction of great military expeditions, conceived, in the colonial councils, and often carried on, in the first instance, by the unaided colonial resources.

In the extent of their military efforts, the numbers of men enlisted in the New-England colonies,—the boldness and comprehension of the campaigns,—the

variety and hardship of the service, and the brilliancy of the achievements, I could almost venture to say, that as much was effected in these two wars, as in that of the revolution. The military efforts of the colonies had, indeed, from the first, been remarkable. It was calculated, near the commencement of the last century, that every fifth man in Massachusetts, capable of bearing arms, had been engaged in the service, at one time. The more melancholy calculation was, at the same time, made, that, in the period of thirty years from king Philip's war, from five to six thousand of the youth of the colony had perished in the wars. In the second year of the war of 1744, the famous expedition against Louisbourg was planned, by the Governor of Massachusetts, and sanctioned by its General Court. Three thousand two hundred of her citizens, with ten armed ships, sailed against that place. This force, compared with the population of Massachusetts at that time, was equal to an army of twelve thousand men, with our present numbers; and the same immense force was kept up the following year. Louisbourg, by an auspicious coincidence, fell on the 17th of June, just thirty years before the battle of Bunker-Hill. Colonel Gridley, who pointed the mortar, which, on the third trial, threw a shell into the citadel at Louisbourg, marked out the lines of the redoubt on Bunker-Hill;* and old Colonel Frye, who hastened to join his regiment on Bunker-Hill, after the fight had begun, recalling the surrender of Louisbourg, at which he had been present,

* For this and some other facts in this address, I am indebted to Colonel Swett's interesting and valuable history of the battle of Bunker-Hill.

thirty years before, declared that it was an auspicious day for America, and that he would take the risk of it. At the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, between the great powers of Europe, this poor little New-England conquest was all that Great-Britain had to give, for the restitution of all the conquests made by France, in the course of the war.

But in the war of 1756, the military efforts of the colonies were still more surprising. If it is said, that they were upheld by the resources of the mother country, let it not be forgotten, in making the comparison of their exertions in this war, with those in the revolution, that in the latter, they had the powerful support of France. The Seven Years' war was carried on in America, at the same time, in the extreme south, against the Cherokee Indians, then a formidable enemy, in the western part of Virginia and Pennsylvania, at Niagara, on the whole frontier line, from Albany to the St. Lawrence and Quebec, in the extreme north-eastern corner of the country, where Nova Scotia and Cape Breton were retaken, in the West-Indies, and on the Spanish Main. The regiments of New-England and New-York, in this war, fought on lake Ontario, and lake George, at Quebec, in Nova-Scotia, in Martinico, Porto Bello, and at the Havannah. From the year 1754 to 1762, there were raised, by the single province of Massachusetts, thirty-five thousand men; and for three years successively, seven thousand men, each year. This was in addition to large numbers of the sea-faring inhabitants, who enlisted or were impressed into the British Navy; and in addition to those, who enlisted in the regular

British Army, who amounted in one year, to near a thousand. Napoleon, at the summit of his power, did not carry an equal number of the French people into the field. An army of seven thousand, compared with the population of Massachusetts, in the middle of the last century, is considerably greater, than an army of one million for France, in the time of Napoleon.

If I were to repeat the names of all the distinguished pupils, in this great school of war, I should have to run over the list of a large proportion of the officers of the revolutionary army. Among them were Pescott, Putnam, Stark, Gridley, Pomroy, Gates, Montgomery, Mercer, Lee, and, above all, Washington. If I were to undertake to recount the heroic adventures, the incredible hardships, the privations and exposures, that were endured in the frontier wilderness, in the warfare with the savage foe,—on the dreary scouting parties in mid-winter,—I should unfold a tale of human fortitude and human suffering, to which it would make the heart bleed to listen. I should speak of the gallant Colonel Williams, the founder of the important institution, which bears his name, in the western part of the Commonwealth, the accomplished, affable, and beloved commander, who fell at the head of his regiment, on the bloody eighth of September, 1755. Nor would I forget the faithful Mohawk chieftain, Hendrick, who fell at his side. I should speak of Putnam, tied to a tree by a party of savages, who had surprised him at the commencement of an action, in a subsequent campaign, and exposed, in this condition, to the fire of both parties; after-

wards bound again to the stake, and the piles kindled which were to burn him alive, but, by the interference of an Indian warrior, rescued from this imminent peril, and preserved by Providence to be one of the thunderbolts of the revolution. I should speak of Gridley,—whom I have already mentioned,—the engineer at Louisbourg, the artillerist at Quebec, where his corps dragged up the only two field-pieces, which were raised to the heights of Abraham, in the momentous assault on that city, and who, as I have already said, planned the lines of the redoubt on Bunker-Hill, with consummate ability. I should speak of Pomroy, of Northampton, who, in the former war, wrote to his wife from Louisbourg, that “if it were the will of God, he hoped to see her pleasant face again ; but if God, in his holy and sovereign Providence, has ordered it otherwise, he hoped to have a glorious meeting with her, in the kingdom of heaven, where there are no wars, nor fatiguing marches, nor roaring cannons, nor cracking bombshells, nor long campaigns, but an eternity to spend in perfect harmony and undisturbed peace ;”* and who did not only live to see his wife’s pleasant face again, but to slay, with his own hands, in the year 1755, the commander of the French army, the brave Baron Dieskau ; and who, on the 17th of June, 1775, dismounted and passed Charlestown Neck, on his way to Bunker-Hill, on foot, in the midst of a shower of balls, because he did not think it conscionable to ride General Ward’s horse, which he had borrowed, through the cross fire of the British ships of war and

* See the note at the end.

floating batteries. I should speak of Rogers, the New-Hampshire partizan, who, in one of the sharp conflicts in which his corps of Rangers was continually engaged, was shot through the wrist, and having had his queue cut off, by one of his men, to stop up the wound, went on with the fight. I should speak of the superhuman endurance and valor of Stark, a captain in the same corps of Rangers, throughout the Seven Years' war,—a colonel at Bunker-Hill,—and who, by the victory at Bennington, which he planned and achieved, almost by the unaided resources of his own powerful mind and daring spirit, first turned the tide of disaster in the revolutionary war. I should speak of Frye, who was included as commander of the Massachusetts forces, in the disastrous capitulation of Fort William Henry, in 1757, and escaping, stripped and mangled, from the tomahawk of the savages, who fell upon them the moment they were marched out of the fort, wandered about the woods several days naked and starving, but who was one of the first to obey the summons, that ran through the country, on the 19th of April, 1775, and who called to mind the 17th of June, 1745, as he hastened to join his regiment on Bunker-Hill. I should speak of Lord Howe, the youthful, gallant, and favorite British general. On the eve of the fatal assault on Ticonderoga, in 1758, he sent for Stark to sup with him, on his bear-skin, in his tent, and talk over the prospects of the ensuing day. He fell the next morning, at the head of his advancing column, equally lamented by Britons and Americans. The General Court of Massachusetts erected a monument to his memory, in

Westminster Abbey ; and Stark, who never spoke of him without emotion, used to rejoice, since he was to fall, that he fell before his distinguished talents could be employed against America. Above all, I should speak of Washington, the youthful Virginian colonel, as modest as brave, who seemed to bear a charmed life amidst the bullets of the French and Indians at Braddock's defeat, and who was shielded, on that most bloody day, by the arm of Providence, to become the earthly savior of his country.

Such were some of the incidents, which connect the Seven Years' war with that of the Revolution. Such was the school in which, upon the then unexplored banks of the Ohio, by the roaring waters of Niagara, and in the pathless wilderness of the North-Western frontier, the men of 1776 were trained, in the strictest school of British military discipline and conduct. And if there were wanted one instance more signal than all others of the infatuation, which, at that time, swayed the councils of Great-Britain, it would be the fact, that the British ministry not only attempted to impose their unconstitutional laws upon men, who had drawn in the whole great doctrine of English liberty, with their mothers' milk, but who,—a few years before,—had, for eight campaigns, stood side by side with the veterans of the British army ; who had marched beneath the wings of the British Eagle, and shared the prey of the British Lion, from Louisiana to Quebec.

At length the Revolution, with all this grand civil and military preparation, came on ; and oh, that I could paint out, in worthy colors, the magnificent

picture ! Such a subject as it presents, considered as the winding up of a great drama, of which the opening scene begins with the landing of our fathers, is no where else, I firmly believe, to be found in the annals of man. It is a great national *Epos* of real life,—unsurpassed in grandeur and attraction. It comprehends every kind of interest ; politics of the most subtle and expansive schools ; great concerns of state and humanity, mingled up with personal intrigues ; the passions of ministers and the arts of cabinets, in strange contrast with mighty developments of Providence, which seem to take in the fate of the civilized world for ages. On the one hand, the great sanctuary of the British power, the *adytum imperii*, is heard, as Tacitus says of the sanctuary at Jerusalem, to resound with the valediction of the departing gods. On the other hand, the fair temple of American Independence is seen rising, like an exhalation from the soil,

Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes.

The incidents, the characters are worthy of the drama. What names, what men ! Chatham, Burke, Fox, Franklin, the Adamses, Washington, Jefferson, and all the chivalry and all the diplomacy of Europe and America. The voice of generous disaffection sounds beneath the arches of St. Stephens ; and the hall of Congress rings with an eloquence, like that, which

Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

Then contemplate the romantic groups that crowd the military scene ; all the races of men, and all the

degrees of civilization, brought upon the stage at once. The English veteran, the plaided Highlander, the hireling peasantry of Hesse Cassel and Anspach, the gallant chevaliers of Poland, the legions of France, the hardy American yeoman, his leather apron not always thrown aside, the mountain riflemen, the painted savage. At one moment, we hear the mighty armadas of Europe thundering in the Antilles. Anon we behold the blue-eyed Brunswickers, whose banners told, in their tattered sheets, of the victory of Minden, threading the wilderness between the St. Lawrence and Albany, under an accomplished British gentleman, and capitulating to the American forces, commanded by a naturalized Virginian, who had been present at the capture of Martinico, and was shot through the body at Braddock's defeat. While the grand drama is closed at Yorktown, with the storm of the British lines, by the emulous columns of the French and American army, the Americans led by the gallant scion of the oldest French noblesse, the heroic Lafayette; a young New-York lawyer, the gallant and lamented Hamilton, commanding the advanced guard.*

Nor let us turn from the picture, without shedding a tear over the ashes of the devoted men, who laid down their lives in the cause, from Lexington and Concord to the farthest sands of the South. Warren was the first conspicuous victim. If ever a man went to an anticipated and certain death, in obedience to the call of duty, he was that man. Though he

* Some of the ideas in this paragraph are contained in an article by the author, published in a periodical work, some years since.

had no military education, he knew, from the first, that to hold Bunker-Hill, in the state of the American army, was impracticable. He was against fortifying it, but overruled in that, he resolved to assist in its defence. His associate, in the provincial Congress, Mr. Gerry, besought him not to risk his life, for that its loss was inevitable. Warren thought it might be so, but replied,—that he dwelt within the sound of the cannon, and that he should die beneath his roof, if he remained at home, while his countrymen were shedding their blood for him. Mr. Gerry repeated, that if he went to the hill, he would surely be killed; and Warren's rejoinder was,—“*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*” Montgomery moved to the assault of Quebec in the depth of a Canadian winter, at the end of December, under a violent snow-storm. One gun only was fired from the batteries, but that proved fatal to the gallant commander and his aids, who fell, where he had fought by the side of Wolfe, sixteen years before. Mercer passed through the Seven Years' war with Washington. On one occasion, in that war, he wandered through the wilderness, wounded and faint with the loss of blood, for one hundred miles, subsisting on a rattle-snake, which he killed by the way. He was pierced seven times through the body, with a bayonet, at Princeton. Scammel, severely wounded at Saratoga, fell on the eve of the glorious success at Yorktown; and Laurens, the youthful prodigy of valor and conduct, the last lamented victim of the war, paid the forfeit of his brilliant prospects, after those of the country were secured.

These were all men, who have gained a separate renown; who have secured a place for their names, in the annals of liberty. But let us not, while we pay a well-deserved tribute to their memory, forget the thousand gallant hearts, which poured out their life-blood in the undistinguished ranks; who followed the call of duty up to the cannon's mouth; who could not promise themselves the meed of fame, and Heaven knows, could have been prompted by no hope of money; the thousands, who pined in loathsome prison-ships, or languished with the diseases of the camp; and, returning from their country's service, with broken fortunes and ruined constitutions, sunk into an early grave.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 With all their country's wishes blest.
 When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
 Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf, that wraps their clay;—
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit, there.

Still less let us forget, on this auspicious anniversary, the venerable survivors of the eventful contest. Let us rejoice, that so many of them are spared to enjoy the fruits of their efforts and sacrifices. Let us behold, in their gray locks and honorable scars, the strongest incentives to the discharge of every duty of the citizen and patriot; and, above all, let us listen to the strong appeal, which the whole army of the Revolution makes to us, through these its aged surviving members, to show our gratitude to those who

fell, by smoothing the pathway to the grave of those, whom years and the early hardships of the service, yet spare for a short time among us.

But it is time to turn from all these mingled contemplations, to the practical lesson, which it becomes us to draw from our reflections, on this great subject.

Momentous as the revolution was in its origin and causes, its incidents and characters, it derives a still greater interest from its results.

Fifty years have elapsed, since the termination of the war, and in that half-century, we have been reaping fruits of the precious seed then sown,—most costly and peculiar. One general constitution of federal government has been framed; and connected with it, in most harmonious relation, twenty-four constitutions of government for the separate States. These, in their respective spheres, operating each to its assigned end,—have secured us in all the blessings of political independence and well-regulated liberty. The industry of the country has been protected and fostered, and carried to a wonderful point of skill,—the rights of the country have been triumphantly vindicated in a second war,—its boundaries pushed into the remote wilderness,—its population increased five-fold, and its wealth augmented in still greater ratio,—avenues of communication, by land and by water, stretched across the plains and over the mountains, in every direction,—the most astonishing improvements made in all the arts of life,—and literature and science not less successfully cultivated.

Did time permit me to descend to particulars, I could point out five or six principles or institutions,

each of the highest importance in civil society ; for some of which the best blood of Europe has, from time to time been shed, and mighty revolutions have been attempted in vain ; and which have grown up, silently, and unconsciously, in this country, in the space of fifty years. I can but run over the names of the reforms, which, in this connection, have been achieved or are in progress. The feudal accumulation of property in a few hands has been guarded against, and liberty has been founded on its only sure basis, equality ; and with this all-important change, a multitude of minor reforms have been introduced into our system of law. The great question of the proper mode of disposing of crime has been solved, by the establishment of a penitentiary system, which combines the ends of penal justice with the interests of humanity ; divests imprisonment of its ancient cruelties, without making it cease to be an object of terror ;—affords the best chance for the reform of the convict, and imposes little or no burden on the state. A like success seems to be promised, in reference to the other great evil of pauperism, a burden of intolerable weight in every other country. Experiments have pretty satisfactorily shown, that, by a judicious system carefully administered, pauperism may be made to cease to be a school for crime, and to a considerable degree, also, cease to be a burden to the public. A plan of popular education has been introduced, by which the elements of useful knowledge have been carried to every door. Political equality has been established, on the broadest footing, with no other evils, than those which are inseparable from

humanity,—evils infinitely less than those of despotic government. In fine, freedom of conscience has been carried to the highest point of practical enjoyment, without producing any diminution of the public respect due to the offices of religion.

These, I take to be the real substantial fruits of our free institutions of government. They are matters each of the highest moment. Their importance would well occupy each a separate essay. Time only has been left me to indicate them.

With these results of our happily organized liberty, we are starting, Fellow-citizens, on the second half century, since the close of the revolutionary war. Let us hope that we are to move, with a still accelerated pace, on the path of improvement and happiness, of public and private virtue and honor. When we compare what our beloved country now is,—or to go no farther than our own state,—when we compare what Massachusetts now is, with what it was fifty years ago, what grounds for honest pride and boundless gratitude does not the comparison suggest? And if we wished to find an example of a community, as favored as any on earth, with a salubrious climate;—a soil possessed of precisely that degree of fertility, which is most likely to create a thrifty husbandry;—advantages for all the great branches of industry, commerce, agriculture, the fisheries, manufactures, and the mechanic arts;—free institutions of government;—establishments for education, charity, and moral improvement; a sound public sentiment,—a widely diffused love of order,—a glorious tradition of ancestral renown,—a pervading moral sense,—and an hered-

itary respect for religion ; if we wished to find a land where a man could desire to live, to educate and establish his children, to grow old and to die,—where could we look, where need we wander, beyond the limits of our own ancient and venerable state ?

Fellow-Citizens of Worcester,—words, after all, are vain. Do you wish to learn how much you are indebted to those, who laid the foundation of these your social blessings, do not listen to me, but look around you ; survey the face of the country, of the immediate neighborhood in which you live. Go up to the rising grounds, that overlook this most beautiful village ; contemplate the scene of activity, prosperity, and thrift spread out before you. Pause on the feelings of satisfaction, with which you dismiss your children in the morning to school, or receive them home at evening ; the assured tranquility, with which you lie down to repose at night, half of you, I doubt not, with unbolted doors, beneath the overshadowing pinions of the public peace. Dwell upon the sacred calm of the Sabbath morn, when the repose of man and of nature is awakened by no sound, but that of the village bell, calling you to go up and worship God, according to the dictates of your conscience ; and reflect that all these blessings were purchased for you, by your high-souled fathers, at the cost of years of labor, trial, and hardship ; of banishment from their native land, of persecution and bloodshed, of tyranny and war. Think, then, of Greece and of Poland ; of Italy and Spain ; aye, of France and of England ; of any, and of every country, but your

own ; and you will know the weight of obligation, you owe your fathers ; and the reasons of gratitude, which should prompt you to celebrate the Fourth of July.

NOTE.

I have thought that the reader, who is curious in the earlier history of our country, would be gratified with the whole of the letter of General Pomroy, of which a characteristic sentence is quoted in the text. It has never been printed, and is here subjoined from a copy furnished me, by my much valued friend, Mr. George Bancroft, of Northampton.

From ye Grand Battre 5 mile & haf North From ye City Louisbourg.
May ye 8, 1745.

My dear Wife, Altho ye many Dangers & hazards I have been in since I left you, yet I have been through ye goodness of God Preserved, tho much worried with ye grate business I have upon my hands. But I go cherefully on with it. I have much to write, But little time Shall only give some hints Tuesday ye Last day of April, ye fleet landed on ye Island of Cape Breton about 5 miles from Louisbourg. ye French saw our vessels and came out with a company to prevent our landing But as Fast as ye boats could git on shore ye men were landed. A warm ingagement with them : They sone retreated, we followed them, & drove them into ye woods but few of them able to git into ye city yt day 4 we killed yt were found many taken we lost not one man : We have taken & killed since many more, ye number I do not know, but not less than eighty parsons what is since killed. The grand Battre is ours : but before we entered it the people were fled out of it, and gon over to ye town But had stopt up ye Tutchhols of ye cannon—General Peppril gave me ye Charge & oversight of above twenty smiths in boaring of them out : Cannon boals & Boums hundred of them were fired at us from ye city & ye Island Fort. Grate numbers of Them struck ye Fort : Some in ye parade among ye People But none of them hurt & as sone as we could git ye cannon clear we gave them Fire for Fire & Bombarded them on ye west side. Louisbourg an exceeding strong handsom & well sittiated place with a fine harber it seams impregnable. But we have ben so succeeded heitherto yt I do not doubt But Providence will Deliver it into our hands.

Sunday	What we have lost of our men I do not certinly know, But
May ye	I fear near 20 men ye army in general have been in health :
12 from	It looks as if our campane would last long But I am willing
this	to stay till God's time comes to deliver ye Citty Louisbourg
below	into our hands, which do not dcubt but will in good time be
writ	done : we have shut them up on every side and still are mak-
	ing our works stronger against them. 42 pound shot they have fired in
	upon them every day ; one very large mortar we have with which we play

upon them upon there houses often braks among them : there houses are compact, which ye boums must do a grate deal of hirt & distress them in a grate degree Small mortars we have with which we fire in upon them. I have had my health since I landed.

My dear wife I expect to be longer gon from home then I did when I left it : but I desire not to think of returning Till Louisbourg is taken : & I hope God will inable you to submit quietly to his will whatever it may be ; & inable you with courage & good conduct to go through ye grate busi-ness yt is now upon your hands & not think your time ill spent in teaching & governing your family according to ye word of God.

My company in general are well : Some few of them are Ill, But hope none dangerous.

The affairs at home I can order nothing But must wholly leave Hoping yt they will be well ordered & taken care of: My kind love to Mr. Sweetland my duty to Mother Hunt & love to Brothers and sisters all

My Dear wife If it be the will of God I hope to see your pleasant face again : But if God in his Holy & Sovereign Providence has ordered it others wise, I hope to have a glorious meeting with you in ye Kingdom of heaven where there is no wars nor Fatiguing marches, no roaring cannon nor cracking Boum shells, nor Long Campains ; But an Eternity to spend in Perfect harmony and undisturbed peace.

This is ye hartty Desire & Prayer

of him yt is your Loving

Husband SETH POMROY

To MRS MARY POMROY at Northampton in New England.

*With the best respects
of the Author.*

ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

CITIZENS OF WORCESTER.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.



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